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FRONTISPIECE.

FRANKY'S WORK.

BY

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AUTHOR OF PAPA'S LITTLE SOLDIERS, JOHNNY'S CAP-
TAIN, BERNICE, THE CHILD'S BIBLE STORIES,
LITTLE CONQUERORS, ETC.



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FRANKY'S WORK.

CHAPTER I.

MOVING.



WHEN Franky Maloy was seven years old, and Nellie about five and a half, their papa and mamma went to

live in the city. Auntie went with

them, and kitty and the canary-bird, and most of the house furniture ; but there were some things that they would have been very glad to have taken that were too heavy and large to be moved ; such as the beautiful garden, with its fruit-trees and flower-beds, and the nice large front-yard, with its two great, wide-spreading elms.

While papa and mamma were packing the goods, and putting the house in the city in order, the children went to stay at grandpa's house. But Franky was so impatient to see his new

home that he did not enjoy himself as well as he usually did at grandpa's. He wondered, guessed, and asked questions from morning till night, when he could find any one to listen to him or answer him; and when grandpa and grandma bade him not trouble them, he would take Nellie into a corner and talk to her by the hour about the wonderful things they would see when they got to the city.

When the day came for them to go, Franky was so excited that he could not eat any breakfast.

He ran to the door every two minutes, to see if the hack was coming ; and when it wanted half an hour of the time for the train to leave, he began to cry for fear that the hackman had forgotten to call for them.

“Hush, little boy!” said grandma, wiping his eyes with her handkerchief. “Are you more of a baby than Nellie?”

Franky felt very much ashamed at this. He went and sat down on the doorstep and began to whistle, as well as he knew how. Pretty soon Nellie came up behind

him. She had on her little gray sack and her white cape-bonnet, and she held her doll very carefully in her arms.

"Grandma said you were more a baby than I," said she, trying to get a seat on the doorstep beside Franky.

"No, she didn't either," returned Franky. "She just asked me if I was, and I'm not. I a'n't a baby, nor anything like it!"

"Then what made you cry?"

"I guess older boys than I am cry; and sometimes big men cry too," said Franky, in a cross tone.

“ Well,” said Nellie, “ I wish you’d let me come and sit down side of you.”

“ I don’t want you,” replied Franky. “ You’re always tagging me round wherever I go. You’d better go into the parlor with grandma, and when the hack comes, I’ll call you.”

“ I sha’n’t go into the parlor,” said Nellie, decidedly. “ Grandma isn’t there. I want to sit down on the doorstep.”

“ Well, you may, you naughty girl!” exclaimed Franky, getting up and marching off to the gate.

Now Nellie did not really care to sit down; she only wanted to follow her brother and ask questions; so she trotted after him, and no sooner had he reached the gate than there she stood beside him.

“What a plague you are!” cried Franky. “I wish you’d go off and leave me alone. You are always in my way when I don’t want you.”

“I mean to tell mamma that you are real cross to me,” said Nellie, pouting.

“I wouldn’t be cross if you

didn't bother me so; but you — Hurrah! here comes the hack! Grandma, the hack is coming! We shall be late, grandma!" and Franky in his joy forgot fear and vexation, and dashed into the house for the carpet-bag.

Grandma was all ready. She was going to take the children to their new home. In two minutes more she was seated in the hack, with Nellie by her side and Franky with the carpet-bag on the opposite seat, and, as fast as the horses could carry them, they were driving to the depot.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW HOME.



THE children's papa was waiting for them at the station in the city. Franky caught the first glimpse of his kind face, and pointed him out to his grandma and Nellie, and also to as many of the passengers

as were sitting within hearing of his little shrill voice.

“There’s papa!” he shouted. “See him, Nellie; right next to that fat gentleman with spectacles on!”

“I see papa,” replied Nellie; “but he hasn’t spectacles on, Franky.”

“It’s the fat gentleman, not papa,” explained Franky. “Can’t we get out now, grandma?”

“Why, no, dear; the cars have not stopped, and there is no haste. Your papa will come for us.”

Franky was very impatient, the

more so as he saw all the gentlemen in the car leaving their seats. He pulled grandma by her gown to gain her attention.

“Mayn’t I go and speak to papa? You and Nellie had better wait here, and we will come back for you. I’m sure papa wont know which car we are in.”

“I am sure that he will find us,” replied Grandma Maloy, smiling. “Wont you try and be patient, Frank?”

Just at this moment Franky felt a hand upon his shoulder, and papa’s pleasant voice said,—

“I am glad to see my little boy and girl again.”

“So am I,” said Nellie. She meant that she was glad to see her papa, you know.

“Why didn’t mamma come to the depot?” asked Franky, gathering up the little satchel and grandma’s cap-box with a very business-like air.

“Because she was busy; but she wants to see you little folks very much indeed, and so does aunty,” said Mr. Maloy. Then he took Nellie up on one strong arm, and the big carpet-bag on the

other, and led the way out of the car, across the platform, to the hack that was waiting for them.

It was quite a long drive from the depot to their new home, and papa was busy answering grandma's questions all the way; but there were so many new and strange sights to be seen that the children were not impatient.

I wonder if any of my little friends who live in the country have ever visited the city. If you have, you remember how troubled you were, lest the wheels of your carriage should hit the wheels of

some of the other carriages, and be dashed in pieces against them. And you remember how noisy it was, and how everybody seemed to be in a great hurry, and how the shop-windows were full of toys and bright colors and pictures, and how you thought it must be splendid to live within sight of such beautiful things. This was just about what Franky and Nellie thought and said to each other as they rode along the crowded streets. Presently the hack drew up in front of a brick block, and papa said,—

“Here we are!”

“Why, is this our house?”
asked Franky.

“Yes,” cried Nellie, clapping her hands, “for there’s mamma at the window.”

“And aunty,” added Frank, leaping from the hack into papa’s arms, and running up the steps.

There was nothing to be heard for the next five minutes but a happy tumult of laughter and kisses and the children’s voices raised above the rest, asking so many questions in a breath that nobody

thought of answering them. By and by mamma said, —

“ Now we little folks must be quiet and let grandma and papa and aunty talk.”

“ Why, you're as big as aunty,” said Franky, laughing. “ You aren't little folks, mamma.”

“ But I am going to be quiet,” said mamma.

“ Well, may I and Nellie go out in the garden while they are talking?” whispered Franky.

“ There is no garden, my dear boy,” said mamma; “ there is only a little bit of a yard.”

“Where am I going to play, mamma?”

“Oh, in the house, and sometimes you and Nellie can go to walk with aunty or papa and me.”

Franky walked off to the window of the back sitting-room followed by Nellie, and stood looking out with rather a sad countenance.

“What’s the matter, Franky?” asked Nellie, in a sympathizing tone.

“Why, don’t you see that I’ve nowhere to play?” replied Franky.

“Just look down into that little

mite of a yard. It isn't big enough for anything, and the ground is all covered with ugly red bricks. There isn't a tree nor a bit of grass, and see all those ugly walls. We are right close to everybody's houses. It isn't nice here a bit, and I wish I was back home again."

"Oh, but, Franky, we haven't been to see those 'plendid big dolls yet," said Nellie; "and don't you 'member the rocking-horse? I think it is real nice here, and I like you to play in the house with me."

“ Well, I don’t,” said Franky, “ and it’s no use to talk about it. I’m too old to play girls’ plays, and I like to be out where I can make as much noise as I want to.”

Aunty had overheard this little talk between Franky and Nellie ; but she did not say anything about it. She put down her sewing work and called the children to come to her. Nellie ran with a skip and a hop, but Franky moved slowly and almost unwillingly.

“ Would you like to go with me

and see where you are going to sleep, and the other rooms?" she asked, pleasantly.

"Yes, indeed;" and the clouded face brightened directly.

It was a very pleasant and convenient house, but quite different from the old home. When aunty had shown them every room, from the kitchen and dining-room in the basement to the attic chamber, she took them both into her own pleasant room, and said that she wanted to have a little talk with them. Now when aunty said that, Franky knew very

well that she was going to say something serious, and he thought it very likely it was about his grumbling there at the sitting-room window; and he was right.

“Franky,” she began, looking straight into the little fellow’s eyes, “do you love your mamma?”

“Why, yes, indeed, I do,” said Franky. “What a question, aunty!”

“Do you love your papa?”

“You know I love my papa. What makes you ask me?”

“Because, if you really love them, you will try to make them happy by being contented and

cheerful in your new home, even if you do not have a nice garden to play in."

"Oh!" said Franky.

"Your papa and mamma feel very sorry that there is no good place for you and Nellie to run about in out of doors," aunty went on to say. "I think they are more sorry for that than for any inconvenience they are put to themselves; they have spoken about it a great many times. Now, Franky, I want to see what a little man you will be. I know it will be hard for you who have always

been used to a nice large garden to have only a small yard to run about in; but you must try to be happy and contented. Will you?"

"Yes," said Franky, "I will, aunty."

"And so will I," said Nellie.

"Does mamma like to live here?" asked Franky.

"She will like it, because it is home," replied aunty. "Your papa must be here, and you children; and mamma does not care for anything so much as she does for you. Yes, I think mamma will like here very well indeed."

“And do you, aunty?”

“Oh, yes, indeed,” said aunty, laughing; “I like any place well enough.”

“And does papa?”

“Yes, because he has a great work to do here,” said aunty, seriously.

“What is it?” asked Nellie.

“It is to tell the people about Jesus Christ,” said aunty.

“What! all the people in Boston?”

“All who will come to listen to him, and all whom he can go to visit,” said aunty.

“He *will* have to work hard,” said Franky, thoughtfully. “I wish I could help him.”

“Perhaps you can,” said aunty. “Little boys like you can do a great deal, if they really love Jesus.”

“What do you think I can do?” asked Franky, drawing closer to aunty, and looking earnestly in her face.

“You may ask papa, and sometime you and I will have a talk about it,” said aunty; “but I must go down-stairs now, and see about supper.”

CHAPTER III.

FRANKY'S WORK.



AN a little boy like me do anything to help?"

"To help w h o m , Franky?"

"W h y , you, papa. Aunty says that you have got to work very hard now, to tell all the people about Jesus

Christ, and I want to help you. Aunty said that perhaps I could."

"You can," said papa, taking Franky upon his knee. "You can help me by being an obedient, gentle, affectionate child."

"But can't I do anything else?" asked Franky.

"You don't know how much that is," said papa. "It would keep you busy all of the time. You are rather apt to be impatient with Nellie, and you are not always quite as obedient as I would like to have you, and sometimes you are pretty rough in your

ways. I would like to have you correct these faults, my son."

"I mean to, papa," said Franky. "You know I and Nellie are little conquerors, and, of course, I'm trying all of the time. And I think I am a better boy than I was once. Don't you, papa? You know I wouldn't play with Nellie hardly ever, 'cause I thought it wasn't manly to play with girls; but I do now."

"Well, you said you wouldn't play with me only but one yesterday ago," interrupted Nellie, who had been listening rather im-

patiently to a conversation in which she had no share. "You said you were too old to play girls' plays."

"Well, I was cross then," said Franky, blushing; "but you know I do play with you, Nellie, every single day, anything that you want me to."

"All but dollies; you never will play dollies, and I like that best of everything."

"Did you like to play dollies when you were a little boy, papa?" asked Franky.

Papa smiled. "No, I did not,"

he said, and Franky clapped his hands.

“ There, Nellie,” he cried, “ if papa were a little boy like me, he wouldn’t like dolls any better than I do. They aren’t fit for boys, and I don’t ever want you to ask me to play with ’em any more ; and I wish you would go away now and amuse yourself ; for I and papa are having a little talk.”

But Nellie had no idea of leaving the room. She just got a small chair, and climbed up in it, and put one of her arms around papa’s neck, and hopped upon his

other knee almost before he knew what she was about.

“Wont we let little sister stay if she wants to, Frank?” asked papa.

“Yes, sir, if she will only keep still,” said Franky; “but I want to know if there isn’t something else I can do.”

“Why not make some more comfort-bags for the soldiers?”

“Oh, I don’t mean that kind of work, papa,” said Franky. “I want to help you tell the people about Jesus Christ.”

“My dear boy,” said papa, “you

are too young to preach sermons, you know, or to teach much by your words; but you can do a great deal for Jesus by your example."

"What is example?" asked Nellie.

"Papa's talking to me," interrupted Franky, "and I understand what he means."

"Wont you explain it to your sister, then, my son?"

"Why, he means, Nellie, that if I am a good boy, I will set a good example to you and other children; but if I'm a naughty

boy, I'll set a bad example; and if you do like me, you will follow my example and be naughty too."

"Oh, yes," said Nellie, wisely, "I und'tand, Franky."

"I don't know any little boys and girls here, papa," said Franky.

"You will very soon, I think," said papa. "There are a great many children in my Sunday-school, and you will be likely to see them and become acquainted with them. Now, it will really be a help to me, if these children find that my little boy is truth-

ful and obedient and anxious to serve Jesus Christ."

"I do want to, papa,—I really do," said Franky, earnestly. "I don't mean to be naughty; but there is something real ugly in my heart sometimes, and that is what makes me cross to Nellie."

"It is sin, my dear child," said papa; "and you must pray to Jesus to help you when you have the naughty feelings in your heart. He will take them away, if you ask him."

"I do ask him every night and every morning," whispered Franky,

leaning his curly head upon his father's shoulder.

“That is right; my son, but you must ask him every time you feel naughty, if you want him to help you.”

“Must I kneel right down and pray, papa? Wouldn't that be kind o' funny?”

“You can pray sometimes without kneeling, and without speaking aloud. Jesus can hear you call to him, if you do not speak.”

“I don't understand how he can hear me think,” said Franky, puzzled.

“Because he is God,” said papa, very seriously. “He knows all things.”

“I wish he didn’t,” said Franky.

“Why, my child?”

“Because he knows all of my naughty thoughts, and he must hate ’em.”

“Yes, he does hate them; but he loves you, and he wants to help you cast out the naughty thoughts and give you good ones instead.”

“I mean to ask him more than I ever did yet,” said Franky.

“Isn’t he real good, papa?”

“ Oh, yes, my boy. He is the kindest and best Friend we have.”

“ Kinder than you, papa ?” asked Nellie, with open blue eyes.

“ Yes, far kinder than I,” said papa.

“ I don't see how anybody can be better than you,” said Nellie.

“ I do,” said Franky “ 'cause, don't you know, Nellie, if it hadn't been for God, we wouldn't have had our papa at all.”

“ So we wouldn't,” said Nellie. “ I never thought of that before in all my life. I mean to go and tell mamma about it.”

“ And I, too, must go away now,” said papa, putting the children down from his knees; “ and sometime, Frank, we will have another little talk together about work. There will be enough for you to do, you may be quite sure.”

“ I am glad of it,” said Franky.
“ I want to be busy.”

CHAPTER IV.

ELIZABETH AND HER NIECE CLO.



W O M A N

was there
to work in
the kitchen,
and help
about the
house, now
that Mrs.

Maloy had come to live in the
city, because papa said there would
be so many people for her to visit,

and so much for her to do to help him, that she must not spend much of her time about the house. The woman's name was Elizabeth, and she was a very good-natured woman. The children soon got acquainted with her, and as she was fond of children, and knew a great many stories, Franky and Nellie were always very much pleased when mamma gave them leave to go down into the kitchen for an hour. Nellie had an old high-chàir, and Elizabeth always put her into it and pushed it up to the table where she was at work, so that Nellie

wouldn't get into mischief. But as Franky was older, she allowed him to sit or stand as he pleased. Generally he chose to stand at the opposite end of the table, where he could see everything that Elizabeth was doing.

✕ One day when Frank and Nellie went down into the kitchen, they found Elizabeth sitting by the window reading a letter. Now ever since the children had their two letters from the soldiers, Nellie had an idea that all the letters that came into the house were from soldiers, and she always felt

disappointed when she learned that they were not. As soon as she saw what Elizabeth was doing, she trotted up to her chair, and made two or three little coughs to attract her attention ; but Elizabeth was too busy to notice such a noise as that. She read on slowly, two pages, then clapped her hands upon her knee, and exclaimed, —

“ Well, I declare ! ”

Then Nellie felt confident that the letter was from a soldier, and she was so anxious to hear what he said that she pulled Elizabeth's sleeve, just the least bit.

“Stop,” whispered Franky; “it isn’t polite to do so, Nellie.” But Franky himself was quite impatient, and it seemed to him as though Elizabeth never would get to the last page. By and by, Nellie happened to catch a glimpse of the envelope that lay upon the chair on the other side of Elizabeth, and she slipped round where she could get a better view of it.

“Oh, Franky, come here!” she cried almost aloud. “It is from a soldier-man, just as certain as anything. Only see, Franky, there’s a big flag, and a soldier-man with

a gun, and a lot of a hymn written!"

Franky came and looked, and he tried to read the verses; but they were not very well printed. By the time he gave it up, Elizabeth had finished her letter, and folded it.

"Why, you shy little kittens!" said she, "how long have you been down here?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Nellie. "I should think two or six hours."

Elizabeth laughed at that. "Two or six minutes I guess you

mean," she said, looking at the clock. "It was only ten minutes ago that I got my letter."

"Oh, Lizerbuth," said Nellie (you see she could not pronounce Elizabeth, and so she always said Lizerbuth), "is your letter from a soldier-man?"

"No," said Elizabeth; "it is from my sister Clorinda and little Clo., her daughter."

"Oh, dear! I thought it was from a soldier," said Franky, almost as much disappointed as Nellie. "It's got a real soldier envelope, Elizabeth."

“ Well, Clorinda's husband is in the army, and I suppose that is the reason,” said Elizabeth, putting her letter in the table-drawer, and getting Nellie's high-chair.

“ Are you going to make me a visit this afternoon ? ”

“ Yes,” said Nellie ; “ mamma said, if you'd like it, we might stay down with you just one hour.”

“ Can't you tell us a story about Clo. ? ” asked Franky, when Elizabeth was ready to iron.

“ Well, yes, I guess I can,” said Elizabeth. “ Clo. is a smart

girl as I ever saw, if she is my own niece."

"Where does she live?" asked Nellie.

"Don't you interrupt Elizabeth," said Franky, shaking his head; "mamma says it isn't polite at all to interrupt when any one is talking."

"Never you mind Nellie," said Elizabeth; "you interrupt sometimes yourself. Clo. and her mother live in the State of New Hampshire. The name of the town where they live is Dover. I guess you never heard of it."

“No,” said Nellie, “I never did. Is Clo. a good girl, Lizerbuth?”

“That’s what she is! as good a child as I ever saw,—smart and good both.”

“Did she ever make any comfort-bags for the soldiers?” asked Franky.

“Well, as to that, I can’t justly say,” replied Elizabeth; “but she has knit six pairs of socks all her own self, and sent ’em to the army.”

“Is she older than I am?” asked Nellie.

“Bless your heart, yes! Why, Clo. is in her tenth year.”

“Well, what else does she do?” asked Nellie. “What was she doing when you laughed?”

“When I laughed?” repeated Elizabeth.

“Yes,” said Franky. “When you were reading the letter, you laughed, and you said, ‘Well, I declare!’”

“Did I?” said she, thoughtfully; then in a minute she added, “Oh, I know what it was, and I’ll tell you all about it just as quick as I get a hot flat-iron.”

“Goody!” said Franky, and like a little parrot, —

“Goody!” said Nellie.

“Clo. goes to the Sunday-school,” began Elizabeth, when she came back to the table, “and she likes it first-rate.”

“So do I,” broke in Franky.

“Who is interrupting now?” said Elizabeth, laughing.

“I didn’t mean to,” said Franky.

“Well, no matter, only I don’t like you to be always talking to Nellie, when she doesn’t do just right,” said Elizabeth. “Clo. likes her Sunday-school better than anything else; she learns lots and lots of hymns and verses, and she

is a pretty little singer as ever I heard. She knows about every song in the 'Golden Chain,' and after she goes to bed at night, she'll sing them over till she gets herself to sleep. Well, here two months ago, the superintendent told the school that he would give a nice Bible to the boy or girl that would get the most new scholars into the school in two months. So they all went to work, and who do you suppose got the Bible?"

"I don't know, Lizerbuth," said Nellie. "Who did?"

"I guess Clo.," said Franky.

"Yes, it was Clo. that did it. She got in ten new scholars, and last Sunday the superintendent gave her a beautiful Bible. I'm real glad of it; for Clo.'s old Bible had such little print it made my eyes ache just to look at it."

"Whom did she get in?" asked Franky. "Did she tell you what their names were?"

"Yes, but I can't remember them; and I can't stop to read them to you now. You wouldn't know any better if I did either; but I'll tell you one thing: they

were all poor children. Some of 'em hadn't any shoes and stockings, and one hadn't any bonnet; but Clo. coaxed and coaxed till she got 'em to go with her, and now the teachers are going to meet together and make some clothes for 'em, so that they may look neat and tidy beside the other children."

"Aint it real nice?" said Franky, with very bright eyes. "I'm glad Clo. got the Bible."

"I'm gladder that she got the poor children into the school," said Elizabeth. "Nobody can tell

how much good may come from it. And she wont give up her work now that she has got the Bible. She is going to keep on trying to bring in new scholars."

"I wish I was in my tenth year!" sighed Franky.

"What for?" asked Elizabeth.

"Because then I could go out alone and get scholars to come to papa's Sunday-school. That would be *real work*; wouldn't it, Elizabeth?"

"Yes; but then there's more than one kind of work for children to do."

“What should you think I could do?” asked Franky. “I am in my eighth year, you know, and aunty says she thinks that I am tall for my age.”

“So I think,” said Elizabeth, laughing, as Franky straightened himself up against the wall. “I should say the best thing for you to do is to try to be a good boy.”

“Dear me!” said Franky, with a real pout; “that is what everybody says, and I think it is too bad, when I am trying as hard as I can! I thought you would tell me something new, Elizabeth.”

“Well, I can’t, Franky,” said Elizabeth; “but there’s this thing you may be sure of: if you look sharp, you will always find work enough to do in this world, only you must not expect to have great things to do,—I mean things that seem great to you. Once, when I was a little girl, not bigger than you, I guess, I went out in the yard, and I saw ever so many little ants busy at work in the path. They were running about here and there; but I found they all came back to one particular spot; and when they came, each one brought

a grain of sand in his mouth. Well, I sat on the grass and watched them a long time. By and by I found there was a bit of a hole in the ground, and some of the little fellows came up out of it, and some ran down into it, and every one had his grain of sand. After a while, my mother came along and asked me what I was looking at, and when I told her, she said,—

“The ants are busy and patient little creatures, Elizabeth. They are always at work; they are making their house right in

the path, and when any one comes in very likely their house will be stepped on and destroyed; but they will go right to work again and build another.

“ ‘Mother,’ said I, ‘I should think they would get tired; they only carry one little grain at a time, and I should think it would take as many as a million to make one house.’

“ ‘Well,’ said mother, ‘they don’t seem to get tired; but I want to tell you one thing that I would like to have you always remember, Elizabeth. *It is the*

little things that make the great things.' I didn't understand exactly what she meant then, and I don't suppose you and Nellie will ; but I remembered it ; and I found what she said was true. There's a hymn about that that Clo. sings. Perhaps you know it, Franky ? It begins

' Little drops of water. ' "

" Oh, yes," said Franky ; " I know every word of it." And at Elizabeth's request he and Nellie sung together, —

" Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,

Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

“ And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

“ So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue
Oft in sin to stray.

“ Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

“ Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.”

Just as the children finished

their song, aunty came down-stairs dressed to go out.

“Mamma thinks you have stayed with Elizabeth a very long hour,” she said, smiling. “I am going to take a walk, and Franky may go with me if he likes.”

“Can’t I go too, aunty?” asked Nellie, in a very mournful voice, and just ready to cry.

“Not to-day, darling,” said aunty. “I will take you to-morrow, perhaps, if you are a good little girl.”

“Well, I don’t want Franky to go if I don’t,” said Nellie.

“ Ah,” said aunty, “ naughty Mr. Selfishness has hopped into your heart, Nellie, and you must fight him with all your might, if you are a little conqueror.”

So Nellie jumped down from her chair, and brushed away her tears, and ran up-stairs to mamma as fast as she could scramble, while aunty and Franky set forth on their walk. You see Nellie thought she could fight Mr. Selfishness better if she was close beside her mamma.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.



have some shopping to do, Franky," said aunty, as they walked down the street hand in hand.

"Have you?" said Franky.
"What do you think you will buy?"

"Oh, some things for your mamma,—nothing that you will care about."

"I don't want to go shopping, aunty."

"Well, you needn't," said aunty. "You may stand by the door while I am busy, if you will not get in anybody's way."

So when they reached the place where aunty wished to stop, she left Franky just inside the door, bidding him wait there until she came for him.

Franky thought he would never be tired of looking out through the

big glass at the people who were hurrying along; but it was not long before he began to wish for some other occupation. Quite near him, there stood a little lad a number of years older than Franky; and every time a lady came up to the door, either to come in or go out, he would open it for her and close it again. Franky thought he must be a very polite boy, and he decided to speak to him. So by and by, when he saw there was no one very near, he just pulled the lad by the sleeve, and said he,—

"Little boy, are you waiting for your aunty?"

"Well, I don't think I am," replied the boy, looking down upon Franky, and laughing.

"I think you are real polite to open the door every time anybody comes," said Franky.

"It's my business," said the boy, in an important tone.

"Oh," said Franky, "I didn't know that. Do you like it?"

"I can't say I do very well; but I'm bound to do something."

"Well," said Franky, "I'd like to know how old you are."

“ I’m in my tenth year,” replied the boy.

“ Oh, dear !” said Frank. “ I’ll be glad when I’m in my tenth year ; then I can do something.”

Frank’s new acquaintance did not appear to take much notice of this remark ; for just then a fine carriage stopped before the door, and two or three ladies, elegantly dressed, prepared to alight.

“ That’s a bully team !” said the boy, when the ladies had swept past them. “ I tell you, sir, that’s the sort I mean to have sometime.”

“What’s bully?” asked Frank.

Then the boy laughed. “Oh, you don’t know anything,” said he. “You’re nothing but a baby! Don’t you know bully?”

“No, I don’t,” said Franky; “and you aren’t so polite as I thought you were. My papa’s a minister, and I guess he knows more’n any little boy’s papa in *this* store, and so does my mamma and my aunty.”

“Well, you needn’t cry about it, you little goose!” for the tears sprung to Franky’s eyes. “We fellows call a thing that

we like *bully* ; that's all there is to it. Say, now, a'n't those the handsomest horses that ever you saw ? ”

“ I don't know,” said Franky. “ I guess my grandpa has got a colt that is handsomer. It is just as black as anything, and its tail 'most touches the ground. Do you go to my papa's meeting ? ”

“ I don't know who your father is, I'm sure.”

“ Don't know who my papa is ! ” repeated Franky, looking very much surprised. “ Why, his name is the Rev. Mr. Maloy.”

Here Franky's new acquaintance burst into another laugh, and beckoned to a lad of about his own age who was leaning against a counter; but just then some one called "Cash!" in a very loud voice, and off he ran in another direction.

"Is that little boy's name Cash?" asked Franky, seriously.

"Some call him Cash and some call him Bob, but he's called Cash more in this store than anything else."

"Well, what is your name?" asked Franky.

“Harry Ballard. What’s yours?”

“Frank Harley Maloy.”

“Oh, then it isn’t Rev. Mr. Frank Maloy?”

“Why, no? I’m not a minister; but I mean to be, Harry, either a minister or a drummer; I don’t know which.”

“A bully drummer you’d make?”

“I can drum as well as anybody in *this* city!” retorted Franky, his face flushing with indignation at the sneering tone in which Harry spoke. “I’ve got a splendid drum at home that my uncle gave me; it cost a lot of money.”

“Well,” said Harry, “I guess if you are going to be a minister, you’ll have to learn to keep your temper.”

At this, poor Franky’s eyes fell, and his lips quivered. He had forgotten that he was trying to be a little conqueror.

“I didn’t mean to be naughty,” he said, presently; “but I don’t think it’s just right for you to say how I can’t do things when I know I can.”

“Oh, I only said it to plague you,” said Harry, good-naturedly. “You’re a pretty good boy, I think.”

Just then, Franky caught sight of aunty coming towards him, and his face brightened.

"There!" said he, "I'm real glad she's coming, for I want to go home. But, Harry, you didn't tell me if you went to my papa's meeting?"

"Well, I don't," said Harry. "I'm tired enough to lie in bed Sundays, when I don't go to ride or walk."

"Why! don't you go to Sunday-school?" asked Franky.

"No, I don't, and I don't want to," said Harry, shortly.

“ I should think you might,” said Franky. “ Why can’t you come to my papa’s Sunday-school? I guess it’ll be real nice.”

“ I don’t care if it is,” said Harry; and then, as Frank followed aunty out of the store, he added, laughing, “ Give my regards to the Rev. Mr. Maloy.”

“ Yes, I will,” said Franky. “ Good-by.”

CHAPTER VI.

TALKS WITH PAPA AND MAMMA.



RANKY

was more
quiet than
usual while
he and his
aunt were
walking.

He was
thinking

about his new acquaintance, and
wondering what he found to laugh
at in their conversation. After sup-

per he went to his papa who sat by the front window reading, and climbed upon his knee.

“Papa,” said he.

“What is it, my son?”

“Harry Ballard wanted me to give his regards to you.”

“And who is Harry Ballard, Franky?”

“Why, he’s the little boy that opens the door for the ladies at the store where I and aunty went to-day.”

“So you made his acquaintance while you were waiting for aunty; did you?”

“ Yes, sir ; and I asked him to go to your Sunday-school, and he said he wouldn't, 'cause he didn't want to. I think he might ; don't you, papa ? ”

“ How old was he, Franky ? ”

“ He said he was in his tenth year. ”

“ Poor little fellow ! ” said papa.

“ Why, I don't think he was very poor, ” said Franky. “ He had a real pretty jacket on, and some nice shoes, — as nice as mine. ”

“ It was not that kind of poor that I meant, ” replied papa.

“What kind was it, papa?” asked Franky.

“It wouldn’t hurt your *soul*, Franky, if you were obliged to wear a ragged jacket, and run about the house with bare feet; would it?”

“No, sir, I guess not,” replied Franky, after a moment’s hesitation.

“But suppose you did not love to hear about Jesus, and cared nothing for Sunday-school, or the Bible, or church, do you think that nice jackets and shoes would make up for it?”

“No, sir,” said Franky, “I don’t think they would.”

“Indeed, they would not,” said papa. “You would be a poor little boy, just as I fear Harry may be, because your soul would be in want of food; and that was what I meant when I called Harry a poor little fellow. Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir, I do,” said Franky; “and I do wish he would be a good boy. Can’t you coax him, papa? I can go with you and show you the way, if aunty will go too.”

“I will see what can be done for him,” said Mr. Maloy, stroking Franky’s short curls with his fingers; “but there is something more that you can do for him.”

“What is it, papa? I don’t know of anything else.”

“You can ask God to put it in Harry’s heart to come to the Sunday-school. You can pray for him, my son.”

“Oh, yes,” said Franky, “so I can. I don’t see why I didn’t think of that my own self. I’ll do it this very night when I go to bed.”

“And it is time for you to go to bed now, my little man,” said mamma, coming in from the back-parlor just in season to hear Franky’s last words. “Bid papa good-night, and come with sleepy little Nellie and me.”

Franky would have preferred to talk with his papa longer; but he knew when mamma called he must obey. I have known some children to snap and snarl when they were reminded that their hour for bed had come, “I don’t want to, mamma,” or, “Why need I go just yet?” or, “I think I might

sit up longer, mamma," or, "It's too bad that I have to go to bed just when I'm having a good time." But Franky, with all his faults, never thought of making an objection when mamma called. So he kissed his papa a sweet good-night, and went skipping up the stairs just in front of mamma and Nellie, singing as he went a little song that aunty had written expressly for him:—

“ Little lambs are in the fold ;
Little birds are in the nest ;
Little flowers have shut their eyes ;
Franky, too, must go to rest.”

That was all there was to the song; but it pleased Franky just as much as though there had been six or eight verses; and he liked to sing it over and over again while his mamma was getting him ready for bed.

When Franky was undressed, he knelt down beside his little bed to pray. First he said, "Our Father," then "Now I lay me," and afterward, if there was anything in particular that he wanted to ask for, he prayed in simple words of his own. On this night, his thoughts dwelt very much up-

on Harry ; so, when he had repeated his usual prayers, he added this little prayer for his new acquaintance.

“ Oh, dear God ! please to make Harry Ballard want to go to my papa’s Sunday-school, where he may learn about Jesus and the Bible ; and please to make him a little conqueror too. Amen.”

You see this was a very simple little prayer ; but Franky meant it ; and I want to tell you, dear children, God loves to listen to little simple prayers ; they are the sweetest offering you can make to

him, if they come straight from your heart, and you may be sure that he will answer them too.

When Franky had prayed, he hopped into bed, and tucked the sheet and blanket up under his chin; then he just raised his head the least bit to see what Nellic was about. Mamma had put her in her crib five or ten minutes before; but for all she was so sleepy before they came up-stairs, Nellic had not gone to sleep yet. There she sat, peeping through the slats of her crib, and making up such funny little faces at

Franky that it set him a-laughing so loud that mamma came in from her dressing-room to see what was the matter.

“Hush, hush!” she said, shaking her head. “Franky, what are you laughing at?”

“Oh, dear,” giggled Franky, “I can’t help it, mamma; Nellie makes me laugh. Aint she bully, mamma?”

“Why, Franky Maloy!” exclaimed mamma. “What word is that, and who have you heard say it?”

Franky found that his mamma

was not much pleased with him for using such an expression, and he looked rather ashamed, but replied, —

“Harry Ballard says all the fellows say *bully* when they see anything they like; and I’m sure I like Nellie.”

“It is not a nice word at all, Franky,” said mamma. “I hope you will not use it again.”

“Is it swearing, mamma?” asked Franky, anxiously.

“No, dear; but it is a foolish, slang word, that means really nothing. I should be very much

grieved to have my little boy use any expressions of the kind."

"I wont mamma, I wont," said Franky. "I am sorry I said bully, and I don't mean to say it again; for, very likely, mamma, Nellie would learn it too, and it would be horrid for her than it is for me."

"Well," said mamma, "I hope you will remember, Franky. And now it is time you were both asleep. I will sit here by the window and sing to you a few minutes if you would like it."

"Oh, yes, do, mamma dear,"

said Franky, turning his face resolutely away from Nellie's crib, and closing his eyes. So mamma sung two or three little hymns, and in about five minutes both the children were fast asleep. Then she kissed them softly, and went down-stairs.

CHAPTER VII.

FRANKY AND THE STREET BOYS.



FRANKY was sitting one morning on the front-door steps playing with his cup and ball. It was quite a cool morning, and Franky had his com-

forter tied round his neck, and the

mittens on his hands that his grand-ma had just sent him for a birthday present. He liked to sit on the steps very well ; and as there was no yard for him to play in, Mrs. Maloy sometimes gave him leave to do so, on condition that he would not go away from the house. Franky was so much interested in his cup and ball, which was another birthday present, that he had not taken notice of any of the passers-by until some one said in a gruff voice, almost at his elbow, —

“ What d’ye call that ’ere thing ? ”

“ It’s my cup and ball,” said

Franky, looking up into the dirty face of a boy several years older, and a head and shoulders taller than himself.

“Do you live in here?” asked the boy, pointing to the door.

“Yes,” said Franky, “I do.”

“Well, can’t you give a fellow something to eat? I haint had so much as a crust of bread since yesterday at this time.”

“Haven’t you?” said Franky. “How hungry you must be!”

“I am as hungry as a bear, and cold too. What a nice comforter you’ve got on!”

“Yes, it is,” said Franky.
“My aunty gave it to me.”

“I wish she’d give me one,”
said the boy. “Don’t you believe
she would?”

“I guess so,” said Franky;
“she is real good. You wait
here a minute, and I’ll go and
ask her.”

“No,” said the boy; “I’ll tell
you a better way’n that. I’m in
an awful hurry; I’ve got to go
ever so far this morning, and I
know I shall get my death a cold
'nless I have something round my
neck; so you might le’me have

your tippet, and then get your aunty to make another just like it."

"I don't like that way," said Franky. "I'd rather keep what aunty gave me my own self."

"Oh, then you're stingy!" said the boy. "I wouldn't be stingy if I lived in a big house and had nice things, and you should come by without anything on your neck. I'd give you my tippet in a minute."

Franky looked very much disturbed; for he began to be afraid that he was really selfish; and then he thought of the "Golden

Rule," which he learned when he was a very small child. By and by he unfastened his comforter and handed it to the boy, who caught it eagerly, and without stopping to say, "Thank you," rushed off down the street. Franky sat looking after him until he disappeared round a corner, when he got up and went into the house. Auntie was just coming down the stairs.

"Where is your comforter, Franky?" she said. "It is too cold for you to be without it."

"I just gave it away to a poor

little boy that hadn't any shoes and stockings on."

"Why, Franky!" exclaimed aunty. "You ought not to have given your comforter away; mamma will not like it at all."

Upon this Franky began to cry.

"I can knit you another, little boy," said aunty; "but don't you see you cannot afford to give a comforter to every poor boy you see in the street? Your papa and mamma will have to help the poor children and their parents that attend papa's meeting; and you must never give away

anything without first asking their leave."

"I didn't want to be selfish," sobbed Franky. "He said how I was stingy, and how he'd give me his comforter if he lived here, and I was a poor boy; and you and mamma told me I must fight against selfishness, and I did, real hard, aunty; for I didn't want to give it away."

"Well, never mind," said aunty, kindly. "You meant to do right; so wipe your tears away; only remember, dear, and ask leave next time any little boy or girl begs for

your clothes, or for anything else ; will you ? ”

“ Yes, ” said Franky, “ I will remember, aunty. ”

Another morning as Franky sat on the doorstep, a boy considerably larger and stouter than himself came and sat down near him.

“ Halloo ! ” said he, “ what are you doing ? ”

“ I ’ m playing with my cup and ball, ” said Franky ; “ but I guess I shall go into the house now. ”

“ I wouldn ’ t, ” said the boy. “ Let ’ s see how many times you can catch it. ”

“No,” said Franky, “I don’t want to. I’m not going to play any more now.”

“You aint ’fraid o’ me; are you?”

“No,” said Franky, drawing up his little figure. “I guess I am not afraid of anybody. What is your name?”

“Tom Bass,” replied the boy, promptly.

“Well, what do you want of me?”

“I’m real hungry,” replied Tom. “I wish you’d give me something to eat.”

"Where do you live?" asked Franky.

"I ha'n't got no home; I sleep anywhere I can get a chance, and in the daytime I stay round."

"Haven't you any father or mother?"

"No, they're both dead, I guess. I don't remember nothing of 'em."

"Dear me," sighed Franky. "What a poor little boy! I don't know what I should do without my papa and mamma. Then you don't go to church or to the Sunday-school; do you?" he asked, after a pause.

“No,” said Tom. “I don’t go to nothing.”

“It’s real nice,” said Franky. “Wouldn’t you like to go if you had some nice clothes like mine to wear?”

“I reckon I would,” said Tom, laughing. “But I sha’n’t never have no nice clothes like your’n to wear.”

“You come in the house with me,” said Franky, “and I will ask my mamma to give you something to eat; and I know she will fix you up so you can go to the Sunday-school.”

“Bully for you!” exclaimed Tom, clapping Franky on the shoulder.

“Now you mustn’t say that word, Tom,” said Franky, stopping short in the hall. “My mamma doesn’t allow me to say it, because it is foolish slang, and don’t mean anything. I don’t want you to say it.”

“Well, I wont, if I can help it,” said Tom. “But I’ve kind o’ got used to it, and it’ll be hard leaving it off, I guess.”

Mrs. Maloy and aunty sat sewing in the parlor when Franky

opened the door and drew Tom along with him by the hand.

“Mamma,” said he, “here’s a little boy that is very hungry; and he hasn’t any papa and mamma, nor any home; and he will go to Sunday-school if you will give him some clothes. Will you give him some, mamma?”

“I will see about it,” said mamma.

Then aunty laid aside her work and told Tom that he might go with her to the kitchen, and get some breakfast.

“Now wont it be real nice,

mamma, if I can get him into Sunday-school," said Franky, when they had left the room. "Wont it really be helping papa about his work?"

"Yes, I think it will, Franky," said Mrs. Maloy. "It is a great thing to put a single soul in the way of learning about Jesus Christ. We cannot tell what good and great results will spring from little beginnings."

"Mamma," said Franky, "do you think that any of my clothes will do for Tom?"

"Oh, no, dear; he is larger

and stouter than you. He could not get your jacket on."

"Then what will he do for some clothes to wear?" asked Franky, in a despondent voice.

"I think I can find some clothes for him," replied mamma, smiling. "But we want to be sure that he will go to Sunday-school first."

"When will Sunday come, mamma?"

"To-morrow, Franky. Don't you know to-day is Saturday?"

"Oh, yes, I forgot. Can Tom go to-morrow?"

“ I think so. He may go one Sunday in his ragged clothes.”

“ I don't think he will look very pretty,” said Franky.

“ He will not,” replied mamma; “ but if he has a clean face and hands, it will be better for him to go to Sunday-school than to be about the streets.”

“ But who will show him the way, mamma ? ”

“ Wont you, Franky ? ”

Franky looked down upon his pretty gaiters and white stockings, and was silent until mamma again asked, —

“ Wont you go with Tom and show him the way ? ”

“ With his old clothes on, mamma ? ”

“ Yes. ”

“ I don't believe I want to ; he looks so ragged, mamma. I don't guess you saw the big hole in both his jacket sleeves. ”

“ Yes, I did, Franky ; his clothes are very ragged indeed ; but I suppose God loves him and pities him ; don't you ? ”

“ Yes, mamma, ” replied Franky, growing red in the face.

“ Do you suppose God loves

you any better, Franky, because you have a nice jacket and trousers, and pretty gaiters and white stockings?"

"No, mamma. Well, I'll go with Tom, if you want me to; but the boys'll laugh at me; I know they will."

"Papa would not laugh at you, Franky, neither would aunty or I."

"I know it; and it is no matter if boys do laugh," said Franky, drawing a long sigh. "What do you suppose makes me not want to go to Sunday-school with Tom, mamma?"

“ Oh, I think it is a rebel in your heart.”

“ What is his name, mamma ? ”

“ Pride. You must watch him very closely, Franky, or he will get such a hold there that it will be very hard to drive him away. Don't you see how he made you feel unwilling to be seen in the street and at church with a little ragged boy ? He made you afraid of being laughed at.”

“ Yes, he did,” said Franky ;
“ but I don't mean to mind him any more.”

CHAPTER VIII.

TOM.



UNDAY
morning
Tom made
his appear-
ance at
eight, as
Mrs. Maloy
had direct-
ed him to

do. Elizabeth had a big basin of water, a piece of soap, and a coarse towel waiting for him in

the wash-room on a bench, whither she led him as soon as he entered the house. When he was washed, and the coarse locks of black hair were combed out, and a tidy jacket and pair of shoes that Mrs. Maloy had found for him were put on, Tom looked like a different boy. He was so delighted with his improved appearance that he capered up and down before the looking-glass, and when Franky came into the kitchen, he seized him by the hands, and tried to make him dance too. But Franky said, very seriously,—

“Stop, little boy! don't you know this is Sunday?”

“Why, yes,” laughed Tom, “I guess I do. I sha'n't never forget that it was Sunday as I had a new jacket and shoes and a good washing. I call it jolly!”

“Well,” said Franky. “It isn't right to dance.”

“Why not?”

“'Cause it is the Lord's day, and we must keep it holy. Don't you know the commandment that says so?”

“Commandment?” repeated Tom, vacantly.

“ Why, yes, the fourth commandment,” said Franky, almost impatiently. Then recollecting that Tom had never attended Sunday-school, and also that he had no father or mother to teach him, he added, “ I guess you’ll learn all about it to-day, or pretty soon any way.”

You never saw anybody so pleased as Tom was when he set forth with Franky for church and Sunday-school. They two walked on a few steps in front of aunty and Nellie, and Franky had just as much as he could do to keep

Tom from hopping and skipping along the pavement. Franky had had quite a battle with pride about going to church in company with poor ragged Tom; but I am glad to say that pride was conquered, and the little fellow now felt quite as happy as though his companion had been the nicest-looking and best-dressed boy in the city of Boston. To be sure, there were one or two ill-bred children that laughed as Franky walked up to the superintendent's desk, pulling Tom along by the hand; but Mr. Lane, the superin-

tendent, and Miss Susie, Franky's teacher, said that they were very glad that he had brought a new scholar; and they spoke so kindly and smiled so sweetly upon him that Franky did not care a pin for any boy's laughter.

Tom couldn't say his letters,—not one; so he was put into a class by himself until he should learn them; and whom do you suppose he had for a teacher? Franky's aunty. He was glad enough of that, you may be sure; and he set about his lesson with such diligence and interest that he

learned six letters perfectly that very morning, which proved to aunty that he was a bright, intelligent boy. After church Tom followed aunty and the children home. When they reached the door, there he was close behind them, with such a wistful look on his face that aunty asked him, —

“Well, Tom, do you want to go to church again to-day?”

“Oh, yes! I like it first-rate.”

“Then you may come in and have some dinner,” said aunty, kindly. “And where are you going to stay to-night?”

“I don’t know,” replied Tom, carelessly. “I can stay ’most anywhere; shouldn’t wonder if I slept out door; it’s real warm.”

“Not warm enough for that, p or child,” said aunty, looking from him to Franky, with his thick coat and cap and mittens.

“I’ve done it lots of times when it’s been colder’n ’tis now,” said Tom, bravely. “I don’t care for cold.”

“I should think you’d freeze,” said Franky.


“I never did yet,” said Tom, laughing. “I froze my ears once;

but that's nothing; I keep warm enough 'most always."

While Tom was eating his dinner, Elizabeth read aloud to him from the "Child's Paper," and in the mean time papa and mamma and aunty sat at the table in the dining-room, with Franky and Nellie for listeners, talking about the poor, friendless, homeless boy who was thus cast upon their care.

Early in the week, Mr. Maloy found a nice home for Tom in the family of a member of his church; and here Tom still lives. He is growing up a trusty, honest

lad, and every Sunday finds him in his seat at church and in his place at the Sunday-school with his lesson well learned. Tom was the first boy that Franky got into the school, and he felt very happy about it, because it seemed something like his papa's work, as, indeed, it was. For without Franky's invitation, Tom might have grown up a profane, wicked boy, like hundreds and thousands of others.



CHAPTER IX.

THE NEW SCHOOLROOM.



WHEN the children had been about a month in their new home, Mrs. Maloy thought that aunty had better begin her school again. They were not much pleased to hear this, especially Nellie.

“Where are we going to keep school?” she asked, in a whining tone. “We haven’t got any big apple-tree here, nor any garden; it isn’t pretty a bit, only just in the house.”

“It is too cold to have our school out of doors now, even if we had a garden,” said aunty, cheerfully. “Jack Frost would nip our noses or our ears.”

“Same as he did Tom’s,” said Franky. “I wouldn’t want my ears nipped; but I don’t want school in the house. I think it is real horrid!”

"So do I," echoed Nellie. "It is real horrid!"

"Then you would prefer not to go to school at all, I suppose," said mamma. "You would like to grow up dunces like Fanny Flippant."

"Who was Fanny Flippant, mamma?"

"Oh, she was a little girl whose papa was very wealthy, and he allowed her to do just as she liked always."

"I should think that would be nice," said Franky.

"So Miss Fanny thought while

she was a little girl," said mamma. "She had beautiful clothes to wear, and servants to wait upon her; she had any quantity of toys and a great baby-house."

"Oh, wasn't that *'plendid*?" interrupted Nellie. "I wish it was me had it!"

"Fanny thought it was splendid for a few days," said mamma; "but she soon became tired of it, and wanted something new. Nobody ever thought of contradicting Miss Fanny, however unreasonable she was in her fancied wants; but nobody loved her, ex-

cept her father. When she was old enough to learn to read, a very nice lady was brought to the house to teach her."

"Was she as nice as aunty?" asked Nellie.

"I cannot say," replied mamma, smiling.

"Did Fanny like her as well as we like aunty?" persisted Nellie.

"No, I think not," said mamma; "for she was very rude to her, and would not try to learn her letters; so the lady went to Fanny's papa, and told him that she must go away, for she

couldn't teach a little girl who was determined not to learn. Mr. Flippant felt very sorry, and said that he would talk to his daughter; but as soon as he began to do so, Fanny began to pout and cry, and look so unhappy that he told her she need not learn her letters for another year, and the lady might go away and teach some other little girl."

"What a funny papa!" said Franky. "And didn't she learn her letters at all?"

"Not until she was ten years old; and when she was a young

lady of sixteen, she could not read a page without stopping to spell every word of three syllables. Now, Franky, you wouldn't like to grow up such a dunce as that; would you?"

"No, indeed," said Franky. "I mean to study real hard just as soon as aunty begins our school."

"So I mean to," said Nellie, who almost always followed Franky's example.

"Where shall we have school, mamma?" asked Franky. "Wouldn't it be a nice place in the back sitting-room?"

“There is a nicer place than that,” said aunty. “You and Nellie come with me, and I will show you where it is.”

So they caught aunty by the hands, and she led them up the front stairs into a nice little chamber that was made over the portico. There was a pretty carpet on the floor, and a small table and three or four low chairs and Nellie's little stool.

“Why, it is all fixed for our school; isn't it aunty? Did you do it, or did mamma?” asked Franky, delighted.

“Mamma told me what to do, and I did it,” said aunty. “I think it is a beautiful little room, and just the right size.”

“So do I,” said Franky; and of course Nellie added, —

“So do I.”

The children had found a number of little playmates since they came to live in the city; but there were two that they liked better than any other. These were James and Alice Somers. Their papa was the gentleman who had given poor Tom Bass a home in his house; and as they lived just

across the street, the little people spent a great many hours in company, and played very happily together.

When Mrs. Somers learned that aunty had a little school for her nephew and niece, she begged permission to send James and Alice. Of course, the children were delighted with this, and coaxed aunty until she good-naturedly consented; so now there were four instead of two scholars in the school. This was really pleasanter and better than the old way; for as Franky and James and Al-

ice were in the same classes, they helped one another. Alice was only a year older than Nellie; but she was more forward in her lessons, because she was very fond of study, which you remember Nellie was not. But when this little girl found that Alice was learning as rapidly as the boys, she began to think that it was time for her to try.

“I want to be in the class with Alice,” she said to aunty, one morning.

“Then you will have to leave your doll down-stairs, I think,

and kitty must stay in the kitchen," said aunty, laughing; "and you must study instead of taking a nap in school-time."

"I only just took a nap once, aunty," said Nellie, "and then I was so sleepy I couldn't help it; but I don't mean to be so sleepy again. I'm going to get real big, long lessons; wouldn't you, if you were me, aunty?"

"Yes, I think I would," said aunty.

So, after this, Nellie began to improve rapidly, and although she could not overtake Alice and the

boys, yet she was soon able to read simple stories without spelling a single word.

CHAPTER X.

A LETTER TO GRANDMA.



THINK I ought to write to grandma," said Franky one Wednesday afternoon. "She asked

me to write and tell her how I liked living in the city, and ever so many other things, and I prom-

ised her that I would. Can't I write to-day, mamma?"

"Yes, if aunty will please get a pencil and some paper, you may sit down beside me, and write a nice long letter."

"Can't I have a pen and ink, mamma?"

"Yes, when you copy it; but first you want to put your letter together properly; afterwards, I will look it over and show you your mistakes, and then you can make a fair copy that grandma will take pleasure in reading."

"Wouldn't she like my letter if

it had mistakes in it, mamma?" asked Franky.

"I dare say she would like it; but the more neatly it is written, the better pleased she will be, because she will see that you are improving."

"Oh, yes," said Franky. "I mean to try and not have a single mistake." So he drew his cricket up beside mamma's chair, and as soon as aunty brought the paper and pencil, began to write.

You who read the letter that Franky wrote to send in one of his comfort-bags to some soldier

will be pleased to read his letter to grandma. I think it was a very nice little letter. This was what he wrote:—

“MY DEAR GRANDMA,—I like living in Boston very well. I see a great many more people than I did in the country; but I don't have a great deal of room to play in, as I did there. Nellie and I go to aunty's school just as we used to, and we have James and Alice Somers for scholars, which makes it very pleasant. I am just beginning to study geography, and

I think it a very agreeable study. Tom Bass is living at Mr. Somers's house. He was a poor little boy that I asked to go to Sunday-school, and he went. A very naughty boy got away my pretty comforter from me one day, when I was sitting on the door-steps. I see a great many poor boys and little girls every day, and I keep asking them to go to Sunday-school; but none of them have been yet but Tom. I do wish they would all go; there would be plenty of room; and then they would learn to be good. I try to

be good, grandma, every day ; but I am naughty very often. I wish I wasn't. James and Alice are trying too. Nellie and I told them how we were going to be little conquerors, and they said they meant to be little conquerors too. I told Tom, and he said he would join ; so that makes five in our company.

“ Mamma has given us a text out of the Bible that she says is a good motto for us. It is, ‘ Fight the good fight of faith.’ Mamma explained it to us real nice, and I mean to do it. Nellie is real

pouty sometimes, but aunty says it isn't right to tell other people's faults; so I wont write any more about Nellie.

"I want to see you and grandpa very much indeed. I hope that I can come to your house next summer. Would you like to have me, if papa and mamma can spare me? My fingers are tired, and I can't write any more now; so I am

"Your affectionate grandson,

"FRANK MALOY.

"P. S. — Please send my love to grandpa and Pat. and Bridget, and

tell them I would like to see them all very much indeed.

“FRANKY.

“Another P. S. — I forgot to tell you that I try to help my papa all I can, he has to work so hard. I have made up my mind to be a minister like papa when I am a man; but Elizabeth says I shall have to learn to be more patient before I am a minister. Elizabeth is our hired girl, and mamma says she is very sensible. Papa preaches to the poor people every Sunday evening; I mean the poor people that wont go to

church. That is what I'd like to do ; for I do love the poor people, grandmother.

“ Your affectionate

FRANKY.”













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